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Northern Messenger

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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

—From the 'Light of the World,' J. F. Shaw & Co., London.

'A certain maid beheld him, and said, this man was also with him,' and he denied him, saying, Woman, I know him not. Luke xxii., 56-7.

The Sifting of Peter.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich and great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding;
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache,
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer. —H. W. Longfellow.

Mr. Spurgeon and the Theatre

'Are there not many persons who find in the theatre precisely that kind of recreation and rest which is most useful for the discharge of their daily work?'

'It may be,' said Mr. Spurgeon, 'but I don't know any of them. You see, I live in a world apart from all these things, and so do my people. We argue this way: Granting it perfectly safe and profitable for myself to go to the theatre, if I go, a great number of those will go to whom it will do positive harm. I will not be responsible for alluring by my example into a temptation, which, but for my self-indulgence, they would entirely escape.

'I will give you an instance of how this works out. When I go to Monaco, the grounds of the gambling hell there are the most beautiful in the world. I never go

near them, and why? Not because there is any danger of my passing through to the gambling tables. No! But a friend of mine once related the following incident to me: 'One day Mr. Blanc met me and asked me how it was I never entered the grounds. "Well, you see," I said, "I never play, and as I make no returns whatever to you, I hardly feel justified in availing myself of the advantages of your grounds." "You make a great mistake," said Mr. Blanc. "If it was not for you and other respectable persons like yourself who come to my grounds I should lose many of the customers who attend my gambling saloons. Do not imagine that because you do not play yourself, that you do not by your presence in my grounds contribute very materially to my revenue. Numbers of persons who would not have thought of entering my establishment feel themselves perfectly safe in following you into my gardens, and thence to the gambling table the transition is easy."

'After I heard that,' continued Mr. Spurgeon, 'I never went near the gardens. And the same argument applies to the theatre.'—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

'We'll Make a Man of You Yet.'

A man had been in the depths of evil. A friend asked: 'What led to your reformation?'

'It was my talk with the Earl of Shaftesbury. I went to him after I had been released from prison.'

'And what did the Earl say?'

'O it was not so much anything he said; but he took me by the hand, and, looking with love in his eyes, said: "Jack, we'll make a man of you yet." It was his touch that did it.'

If we can say nothing, if we can do nothing, we can give the touch that saves. Only we must learn that touch from the Master. —N. C. 'Advocate.'

Struggle On.

'It is the struggle,' says one, 'and not the attainment, that measures character and foreshadows destiny. Character is not determined by faults and weaknesses and periodic phases of life, nor by limitations and accidents of present existence, but by the central purpose, the inmost desire of the heart. If that be turned towards God and His righteousness, it must at last bring us thither.'—Selected.

An Old Hymn.

A pathetic and yet charming story is told of the origin of the well-known hymn, 'Blest be the tie that binds,' which was written by the Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry.

It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Moinsgate, in Yorkshire. Six or seven waggons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure.

But his loving people were heartbroken; men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Doctor Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing-cases and gave way to grief.

'O John!' cried Mrs. Fawcett, at last, 'I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!'

'Nor I either,' returned her husband, 'and we will not go! The waggons shall be unloaded, and everything put in its old place.'

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at this determination. Doctor Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining the case, and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than £50 a year.

The hymn was written to commemorate the event. When Mr. Coffing, a missionary of Aintab, in Armenia, set out in 1860 to explore the Taurus Mountains, he was to penetrate on entirely new and dangerous field. This fact was fully realized by the inhabitants of Aintab, and they gathered to the number of fifteen hundred at the roadsides, and bade farewell to the missionary and his family in the Armenian words of this hymn, written nearly a century before by the devoted Yorkshire preacher. — 'Presbyterian Christian World.'

Religious News.

The Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of the New Hebrides Mission, gives a striking statement in 'The Bible in the World,' describing what the Bible has done for the people in the New Hebrides. When he first settled in these islands about thirty-six years ago, the people were cannibals of the most degraded type. They were exceedingly polite in their intercourse with one another, for the reason that to behave otherwise was to risk their lives. Although they gave a very hostile reception to Europeans, whom they regarded as enemies, yet now it would be hard to find more affectionate people. At first they were ready enough to deprive the missionaries of life, now they would willingly lay down their own lives for the sake of Christ and His cause.

What has the Word of God done for these people? It has freed them from the slavery of their superstitions, and struck the weapons out of their hands, putting an end to bloodshed and making life and property on those islands as safe as anywhere in the world. No woman there can now be purchased, or be married against her will. No man now may have more than one wife; and no man can ill-treat his wife without being immediately called to account for it—literally, 'brought to book' for it, the book being the New Testament.

It is not by means of arguments against their superstitions, or by denunciations of their evil practises, that the Gospel prevails among these people. It is by the simple teaching of the glad tidings of God's redeeming love to us through Christ, as set forth in the New Testament.

Work in Labrador.

THE OPEN AIR.

SS. 'Strathcona' at Sea,
July 15, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—On our return from the south, salmon and herring were 'in,' and the monotonous spell of salt and tinned diet was at an end. The ice-bound harbors we had left a month ago were smiling with life. Schooners of every size and rig, dories, trap boats, gashers, bullies, and a host of smaller craft of every description were darting about and enlivening the loneliness of this rock-bound seaboard.

Long before reaching as far as our southernmost hospital, we had heard from south-bound schooners that it was filled to overflowing. So we were forced to leave two or three sick folk we would have liked to have tried to help. The first mail boat of the season had, after the long winter, gathered up and brought twenty-seven patients to hospital, of which twelve had been cases for immediate operation. We were not surprised, therefore, to find, when at length we did drop anchor in the harbor, that a large tent, which had been a loan to the reindeer herders, had been withdrawn, and was now fitted as a temporary annex with five beds. For once in a way, things had all gone well. The new schooner was launched safely. Although our forests had not been able to yield spars big enough, two stout pitch pines had arrived by steamer. A good drive had been made of logs, and the schooners built the three previous years were all away with freight. One had gone to Boston, to be fitted up for a cruising party from Harvard University, who were bent on getting some more skeletons of the Great Auk, in the French islands, and locating Norse remains in northern Labrador. There was some excitement among the pottery workers, because at last the frost had allowed a foundation to be built, and the new kiln for firing their products was nearly ready for use. With the arrival of a New Zealand cousin, and a number of other volunteers, quite a commotion had begun in our long neglected soil, and we saw drains and piles of stones, and furrows, bedding, and even fencing frames, so that there was quite an agricultural flavor imparted to the former scrub and mossland. Open air treatment was being meted out even to all our post-operative cases, and among other exotics to greet our arrival were wheel chairs and arm chairs and fixed chairs filled with quite a selection of convalescing diseases.

The open air is a magnificent factor in other directions than surgical and medical. To-day, at 5 a.m., having duly sworn in my sturdy mate as a police constable, we steamed into a narrow bight and proceeded to try a fishery dispute. Our cabin is small. Fishing disputes are apt to be heated and feverish, though not so bad as one patient would lead one to believe, who only yesterday, when he came on board, assured me that he was suffering from the 'typhoon' fever. Still, previous experience has shown me that men will keep their temper better in the open air than in a small, closed room or cabin. In that admirable work, 'Brain and Personality,' the dependence of personality on brain, and of brain on its physical condition, is convincingly shown, and that to keep the head cool is helpful to settlement of a dispute among these modern Vikings, is perfectly intelligible. So we had our court, as usual, on deck, the disputants being a Gloucester fishing skipper and a Newfoundland master of the very sturdiest and best type, and the judge being an English doctor. The matter ended at last in favor of the American, and then we all separated amicably for breakfast, a lesson of no small value to the poorer settlers of the district being taught. The competition for good voyages is so great that the bigger men with large schooners not unnaturally swoop down on every spot of fish as they hear of it setting in; then with their larger crews and better and deeper gear, they can get the best places from the shoremen, and even, as has been done in this region, they can blanket their nets when set, by setting near them. I wouldn't wish to convey the idea that our men are not law-abiding. We have never had, in all these years, a real piratical character to deal with, but there is a sort of free rover spirit in all things nautical, and our manners and customs are not to be judged by those of a Mayfair nursery. Though often enough the holding of a particular fishing berth means, not wealth, but sheer necessities of life to these men, you would never see one hundredth part the excitement and pandemonium that you can see almost every day in Wall street, or on almost any stock exchange.

To our mind also, open air is the best place to discuss things religious. On four succeeding fine Sundays, we have been able to hold large gatherings of our fishermen brethren on the nearest rocks, under the canopy of heaven. There seems no room for the spectacular or the merely formal there. You seem to look one another in the face more directly, and I confess to feeling personally far more as if one's Maker was watching the proceedings as an interested spectator, which means the realization of that which in worship we seek. The stentorian voices of our men lose practically nothing by the loss of the resonance of a roof, and the possibly trifling incorrectness in time and tune is less noticeable.

W. T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—'Back River,' $2.00; 'Friend of Missions,' Upper Stewiack, $10.00; A Friend, Milton West, $1.00; A Friend, Stella, Ont., $3.00; Total	$ 16.00
Received for the cots:—Mrs. John K. McIlquham, Lanark, Ont.	$ 2.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes	$ 1,634.51
Total on hand August 25	$ 1,652.51

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1908.

Review.

Read Psalm xviii.

Golden Text.

And David perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel, and that he had exalted his kingdom for his people Israel's sake. II. Sam. v.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 14.—I. Sam. x., 17-27.
Tuesday, September 15.—I. Sam. xv., 13-28.
Wednesday, September 16.—I. Sam., xvi., 1-13.
Thursday, September 17.—I. Sam. xviii., 6-16.
Friday, September 18.—I. Sam. xxvi., 17-25.
Saturday, September 19.—I. Chr. x., 1-14.
Sunday, September 20.—Ps. xviii., 1-24.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

In our study to-day we are to review some eleven lessons about the early history of the Kingdom of Israel. Here in Canada as far back as we can go we have always had a king or a queen, and the Indians before we came always had a chief over each tribe. and to-day our country is so well governed and united that it is hard to imagine what the land where the Israelites lived so long ago was like at the time we are studying about. Just try to imagine that we in Canada didn't have any king at all or any parliament, that the people in Quebec sometimes fought with the people in Ontario, or the people in Alberta sometimes fought with those in Manitoba, and all the time we didn't know when the people in the United States were not going to swoop down on our land, burn the towns, and kill the people or carry them away prisoners. It was something like that you know long ago in Palestine, because the different tribes of Israel (something like our provinces) often got to quarreling. and all the time they didn't know when the Philistines in the country next to their's might not come with great armies and burn up their towns and carry away their crops, their cattle, and, worst of all, perhaps their dear little children. But Samuel came along and he taught the tribes how to work together instead of quarreling, and to worship and serve God. He grew to be an old man, however, and the people were afraid he would die and there would again be no one to lead them, so they asked him to choose a king for them. Who knows the name of this first king of Israel? Saul, to be sure, and he was a farmer's son before he became king. But there was another king of Israel, the second king, that we have also been learning about, and his name was ——? David. David was a shepherd boy before he became king, and in these lessons we have learnt how the farmer's boy and the shepherd boy each became king in turn, so let us see how much we remember about them.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The whole secret of the failure and success of the first two kings of Israel is strongly suggested in the point of view that the quarter's golden text says David took of his exaltation as opposed to that which Saul's actions show he had taken of his sudden rise to power. 'And David perceived that the Lord . . . had exalted his kingdom for his people Israel's sake.' In other words, he realized that he was appointed by God and that for the people's sake, not for himself. Saul seems to have thought that he was chosen and appointed by the people, whom in consequence he feared to oppose, yet while humoring them he ruled not for them but for his own glory. This appears to be hinted at in his remark in I. Sam. xviii., 8; he saw that the greater glory was ascribed to David by the people, 'and what can he have more but the kingdom?' The expression used by David (II. Sam. i., 24) may have only referred to the increased prosperity of the kingdom, but it also may have referred to a lavish display maintained by Saul to please the people; the love of display was in himself as is proved by his bringing Agag home to grace his victory (I. Sam. xv., 9), and by his punctiliousness in forms at court (I. Sam. xx., 5, 27). The man in power with Saul's point of view is the great political question of the day. David's view point among statesmen and politicians would mean an end of all political scandals and graft. If any one could have looked at Saul and David as each stood at the beginning of the path towards the throne, such a spectator in the light of this world's experience would have unhesitatingly predicted the greater success of Saul. His commanding presence, his 'practical' outlook, his tendency to act at once and think it over after, were in sharp contrast to the slim youth, 'ruddy, and of a beautiful countenance,' with his songs, his music, and his visions of God while out in the desert with his sheep, and his caution and thoughtful weighing of the consequences (I. Sam. xxvi., 8-11). 'But the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.' In five of these eleven lessons Samuel has a prominent place; in three of them Jonathan shines out in bravery, loyalty, and love; in the first four Saul has and loses his opportunity; and in the remaining ones David is put through the strange schooling that leaves him fit for the throne at last. These four men present tremendous possibilities of study. An interesting exercise is to examine the Psalms and try to place those by David in their possible places in his life, such as the psalms of contemplation (viii., xix., xxiii., xxix., etc.) composed possibly while out with the sheep; the hymns of praise and trust (ix., xi., etc.), and the powerful appeals for divine assistance (x., xiii., xvii., xxii., xxviii., etc.), composed probably during the years of his wanderings and exile. Some of the psalms such as xxxiv., lii., lvi., lvii., lix., and others, are ascribed by Jewish legend to particular times in his experience, and are so noted in our Bibles by way of an introduction.

(SELECTIONS FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within;
'Tis not the richest plant that holds
The sweetest fragrance in.'—Dawes.

'Never forget for a moment that no face can be so beautiful and no form so divine but that a bad heart or a weak heart may make it hateful or worthless. In such beauty there is always a cloud, a film, that veils it. With all the power of the face to alter its expressions, it is a fearful tell tale. Through all its masks and shams, the gaze of God goes like an X-ray straight to the heart and soul.'—'Sunday School Times.'

Hard as the years of exile were for David to bear, yet they were most fruitful years to him, as his apprenticeship for the kingdom. In them he found what Hugh Miller called his schools and schoolmasters.

1. The exile experiences preserved him from the dangers to which his sudden elevation to power and popularity would expose him. He learned his weakness, and his need of divine help.

2. He learned entire trust in God under all circumstances; the value and necessity of religion. This led to the marvellous development of religious institutions, and of the service of song under his administration.

3. He had the best of opportunities for becoming acquainted with the people; their grievances under Saul; their needs; their dispositions and tendencies. He understood their spiritual as well as their temporal wants. His own weaknesses, in yielding to the temptation to falsehood, and to despondency and unbelief, would help him to understand the people.

4. He had practise in the art of governing.

5 He gained experience in war.

6. He obtained a knowledge of the country, and of its enemies.

7 'In this school of fighting men were trained those generals and wise strategists who in the golden days of David's rule commanded his armies, and raised Israel from the obscurity of an "Arab" tribe, who with difficulty held their own among the ancient Canaanites, to the position of one of the great nations of the old Eastern world.'—Ellicott.

8. Many of his sweetest songs were wrought out by this long and hard experience, for the comfort and hope not only of his own people, but for God's children in all ages; for while they grew out of hardship and wrongs they are songs of victory, of light shining but of darkness, 'roses growing out of black soil.'

9. In spite of his few lapses from faith and perfect truth, he grew in character and manhood, he became strong in faith and virtue, large-hearted, wise, noble, consecrated to God.

God has called us to a crown and a kingdom (II. Tim. iv., 8; Jas. i., 12; I. Pet. v., 4; Rev. i., 5, 6; v., 10), a greater kingdom than David's, even the kingdom of heaven.

To be king over ourselves. 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.' A Syrian proverb runs, 'Escape from self is better than escape from a lion.' According to Dr. Thomson, in 'Brain and Personality,' the Will, which is the King in man, the ranking official, which 'can say to the thinking brain, "these thoughts are valuable, therefore keep them, those other thoughts are purposeless, and hence unprofitable, therefore dismiss them at once"; and so to the other powers of the mind—this "Will creates the man."' 'Will direction,' choice, decision, explains why men that use and train their will can, with inferior mental powers, outdistance others of the first rank. 'What is the finest mental machine in this life without will-power?'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 20.—Topic—Commending our Society. II. By supplying church workers. II. Tim. ii., 1, 2; Prov. xxii., 6.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, September 14.—What the Pharisees said. Luke xv., 1, 2.

Tuesday, September 15.—The lost money. Luke xv., 8-10.

Wednesday, September 16.—Seeking the lost. Luke xix., 10.

Thursday, September 17.—A lost soul. Mark viii., 35-37.

Friday, September 18.—He came to save the lost. Matt xviii., 11.

Saturday, September 19.—Like lost sheep. Ps. cxix., 176.

Sunday, September 20.—Topic—Lost and found. Luke xv., 3-7.

The Ven. Archdeacon Blunt, of Sheffield, Eng., says:—'The ideal Sunday school teacher is an earnest, devoted diligent student of the Holy Scriptures. Such teachers have an acquaintance with God, and have a simple, and interesting way of teaching the children, and find a ready way of access to the scholars affections. All ought to feel it an honor and a privilege to join the ranks of the Sunday school teachers.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Dorinda Sturdy, C., Ont., and D. Margaret Dale, S., N.B., are two new members who have joined the league this week.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' although I often thought to write before, but never put it into action till now. I think it is a splendid idea, the Royal League of Kindness, and who ever thought of it first needs congratulating.

DORINDA STURDY.

P. M., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I have read so many nice letters in your little paper that I think I will write one. I live in a small village in Cape Breton. Near our house there is a very pretty beach, where we enjoy ourselves during the summer months. There is a large shipping pier in the upper end of the village. A coal mine is about to be started near our house. Our school will be starting soon. I graded into the ninth grade at the close of the year. I am fond of out-door sports, especially bathing, swimming, coasting and skating. I attend Sunday School regularly, and we intend holding our picnic this week. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time, and we enjoy reading it very much. There are so many helpful stories in it. The drawings too are very good.

KATIE E. MacLEOD.

S. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and two sisters. I am the oldest girl of the family, but have four brothers older than myself. I am not going to school just now, as we are having holidays. I am in the fourth book. We live five miles from the station, but there are a store and a post office right near us. I think the answer to Mabel Helen Young's riddle (August 7)—Is the man with two sacks, because a sack full of flour would weigh more than two empty sacks.

CHRISTIE PROUTY.

B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is quite a pretty place. I live near the Baptist Church. There are two stores and a post office and blacksmith shop here. The school is quite near my home. I enjoy reading the letters in the 'Messenger' very much. My papa is busy haying. He works away from home.

BOBBIE L. EISNER (age 9).

V. H., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' although we have taken it for quite a few years and like it very much. I go to school and am in the fourth reader. I have four sisters and no brothers. For pets I have five little kittens and a dog called Rowdie. I also have a little colt and we call it Bessy.

IRENE LEAVITT.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Irene. —Ed.]

Hal's Wireless Telegraphy.

(By Albert F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Hal Clayton looked very rueful. His mother found him, after the company had gone, sitting on the back steps—alone! Even Emperor William, the big Newfoundland dog, was not with him.

'Why, Hal?' and Mrs. Clayton's tone implied a question.

'It—it's because you said my nose was smutty,' explained Hal, struggling hard to keep his voice steady—something that every man, according to Hal's notion, was expected to do. 'And made me leave the room and wash the smut off—right before the—the company.'

'But my boy wouldn't want to remain in the room looking like that, I hope,' replied his mother, gently. 'And have the ladies seen him?'

'No—o,' after considering the situation a moment. 'But isn't there some—some other way of—than speaking right out, mamma? I mean when I—I ought to leave the room for something.'

'Why, yes; I guess so,' answered Mrs. Clayton. 'We might use wireless telegraphy.'

'Wireless — te-leg-raphy!' exclaimed Hal, wonderingly. 'You cannot do—that; we'd have to have instruments, if we don't need any wire.'

'We have—them,' and Mrs. Clayton assumed an air of mystery.

'In-struments!' repeated Hal.

'Yes; I have a pair, and you have a pair,' and Mrs. Clayton smiled at the incredulous expression on Hal's face.

'Mamma, you're—fooling!'

'No, I'm not, dear.'

'I—I don't see.' Then, quickly: 'Where are they—the—instruments?'

'They are our eyes,' replied Mrs. Clayton. 'Mine will be the transmitter, and yours the receiver.'

'I don't see how that can be!' exclaimed Hal, more mystified than ever.

'Don't?'

'No!'

'Let me explain,' and Mrs. Clayton held open the door for Hal to come into the house. 'We will go into the sitting-room now, and learn the code.'

'Mamma, I still think you're playing tricks with me,' declared Hal.

'Not at all, dear. In a minute you'll see I'm not.'

'I hope—so,' doubtfully.

'Now let's imagine I have company, Hal,' after they had sat down—Mrs. Clayton by the south window, and Hal directly opposite —'and you have come into the room with soiled hands. Of course I wouldn't want you to remain in that'—

'But how would I know without your telling me—just as you did to-day?' interrupted Hal.

'By using the wireless,' replied Mrs. Clayton, smiling. 'For soiled hands I'll send a message of one wink, with my transmitter. And your eyes—the receiver—will take the message. That will mean for you to hurry out and wash them. You understand so much of the code?'

'Yes,' and Hal laughed at the mere idea. 'I never thought of that!'

'No? For a dirty face—two winks. Uncombed hair—three winks. Muddy boots—four. Then for'—

'Wait, mamma, please,' said Hal, 'till I get some paper, so we can write down all the code. Then I won't forget.'

'Very well,' and Mrs. Clayton went to the library-table drawer for a pencil.

''Twill be just—dandy!' exclaimed Hal, enthusiastically.

'There,' after the code was written out, 'suppose we practice a little, to be sure we have learned the signals,' suggested Mrs. Clayton.

'All right!' agreed Hal, happily. 'The messages come from you!'

'We'll try the one for uncombed hair, first,' and Mrs. Clayton immediately flashed a wireless across the room.

Without a word Hal got up and went out, and on his return his hair was neatly combed.

'That was awfully easy! And so much better than to—to have all the people,' pointing to the empty chairs in the room, 'know why I left. Let's try the others,' eagerly—'all of them!'

And so they went through the entire code. Not a single message miscarried!

'My! that's splendid—our wireless telegraphy!' exclaimed Hal, in great delight, after the practice was over. 'How did you happen to think about it?'

'If I recollect rightly,' smiled Mrs. Clayton, 'it was you who suggested the plan!'

A SURPRISE IN STORE.

No! not for one of our boys, but for the father of one of them. Just read the letter. It explains everything:

John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—Received the knife, and think it the best knife I have ever had in my possession. And for so little work. Even my father admires it so much that he would like one, too. I have found use for it already.

Yours truly,
OTTO HANSEN.

P.S.—If you can work for two or three premiums of the same kind you can send me a bunch of this month's issue to sell for another combination knife, which I want to give to my father as a surprise present, for he doesn't know I am getting another knife of the same kind.

This is not the capital jack-knife given for selling only nine 'Pictorials' at 10 cents each, good and all as that is—but the farmers' combination knife—seven useful tools and a two-bladed knife all in one, given for selling EIGHTEEN 'Pictorials' at 10 cents each; or for selling EIGHT at 10 cents each, and sending in ONE yearly subscription at $1.00 for any NEW SUBSCRIBER in Canada (outside of Montreal or suburbs), or Great Britain.

Don't you want one of these fine knives? If so, write to us for a package of 'Pictorials,' letter of instructions, full list of other splendid premiums, etc., etc. All orders promptly attended to.

Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—We aren't giving away Otto's secret. The letter came sometime ago, and we kept it over, so as not to spoil his fun.

Always Ready.

'How many runs this month, captain?' I asked a friendly fireman.

'We didn't turn a wheel,' came the positive reply.

'Didn't turn a wheel this month!' I exclaimed. 'Well! well!'

As I went on my way I mused: 'The city has fed two great horses for one month and paid $300 or $400 in wages to five men for the same time, and all for what? Nothing. "Didn't turn a wheel." That $400 might have been given to the city's poor; it might have been invested in some manner so as to bring the taxpayers a return. Why, children could have'—

Listen! As I muse, deep-clanging bells send out a fearful peal. 'Fire! Fire!' they cry on every hand, and a great business block gives indication of fire within. A few minutes more, and $10,000 worth of property will be doomed, when from down the street sounds a rattling gong. I turn and see, coming with fearful speed, the horses plunging madly, the department which 'didn't turn a wheel for thirty days.' There was the captain holding the reins, his hat off, and shirt-sleeves rippling in the wind. They are the first on the scene, and within three minutes a line of hose is laid, and these same men are ascending ladders and diving into windows which belch with smoke and flame. Though we have lost sight of them we know they are fighting the fiend and soon they come out again covered with smoke, ashes and—glory. The fire is conquered, the beautiful building saved, and as the sweating horses and exhausted men go slowly back to their retreat, I muse again: 'For thirty days the city paid out a total of $400. On the thirty-first day it saved $10,000. It paid the city to be ready, to watch.'

'Watch ye!' the Master says. Yes, if for thirty years the tempter does not come, do not close the eyes. It pays to be on the lookout. It may take time and attention, but it pays.—Robert Zaring.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Good Life, Long Life.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

—H. Bonar.

A Perplexing Problem.

(By Daisy Howard, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The schoolroom was very quiet, and as it contained thirty or forty boys and girls, the fact proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that something unusual was taking place. That something was the June examination.

In the corner of the room farthest from the teacher's desk sat Maidie Vinton. She was engaged in biting at the end of her pencil and frowning. This was rather unusual for Maidie. She was generally good natured and smiling; but now she was frowning at the second example, for it would not come out right.

'I can't see where it is wrong,' she told herself, 'but I know that nine thousand five hundred bricks couldn't cost as much as ten thousand do,' and Maidie emphasized her words with a vicious nip at her pencil.

The little girl glanced disconsolately around the room. She wondered if any one else were having the same trouble she had. She felt that it would be a comfort to her if they were. Then she would not feel that she was more stupid than her classmates.

She looked around, but each head was bent industriously over the examination questions —each head but one, the head of Bob Warren, and never was boy more appropriately named. He bobbed from morning to night.

He had seen the unusual frown on Maidie's face and as soon as he could catch her eye he asked her what was the matter.

He did not ask the question aloud; he did not even move his lips; but where is the schoolboy who cannot turn his face into an interrogation point?

Maidie answered him by holding up two fingers and frowning more than ever. Then she remembered that the examination rules said there was to be no communicating with each other in any way, and she brought her eyes back again to the troublesome example.

Presently something struck her on the arm and then fell to the floor. It was a piece of paper rolled into a little ball, and on looking up Maidie saw by Bob's face that it had come from him.

Maidie shook her head warningly. Such conduct during examination meant serious trouble if detected, and Bob was so good natured and obliging Maidie did not want him to get into any scrapes.

She glanced towards the teacher's desk and so did Bob, but the teacher was looking in another direction and had not noticed what occurred.

Bob held up two fingers and nodded toward the paper ball. Maidie knew at once what it meant. The example was worked out on that piece of paper. She had only to pick it up and read it. She leaned over to get it and then suddenly drew back.

'That would be cheating,' was the thought that came to her. Bob was watching her eagerly, looking first at Maidie and then down at the bit of paper.

With a decided shake of the head Maidie bent once more over her work, and Bob turned away with a look of disgust. It was no use trying to help some people, he thought.

For some minutes more Maidie worked at that example, but with the same result. It would not come out right.

'Oh, dear!' she thought, 'I wonder where it is wrong. Of course there is a mistake somewhere, but I can't find it. What good are examinations any way? I've a good notion to leave it and not try it again; but then, suppose I don't get promoted. I wouldn't like that. Oh, dear!'

Her eye fell upon the paper that was still lying at her feet. It looked very tempting. All would be easy then, and she had tried so hard.

'The others do it,' thought Maidie. 'They say it's no harm, and it's no worse for me than it is for them. Bob expected me to do it,' and she glanced over at the boy, but now he was not looking towards her. 'I know he thinks me a goose, but—' with a little sigh, 'I'll be an honest one any way.'

Just then the sound of some one singing came through the open window. It was a familiar tune, one Maidie often sang in Sunday School, and as she listened she thought of the words:

'Have we trials and temptations
Is there trouble anywhere
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.'

'I wonder if it would do any good to pray over this example,' thought Maidie. 'I don't see why it shouldn't. It's a trouble to me.'

She leaned her head against her hand and from her heart went up this little prayer, 'Lord help me to get this example right. I have tried and I cannot.'

Once more she set herself to work, going carefully over each part, and this time she was successful.

'I have been saying nine nines are eighty-seven,' she thought. 'No wonder it wouldn't come out right. But why didn't I think to pray about it before?'

A Missionary Parable.

In the Pacific Ocean there was once long ago many broad, empty spaces without any land. The ocean was blue and beautiful, but there was no eye to see it. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers nor trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from other countries into the water floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw that if there were only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals. 'My little builders can do this,' said He. So He called for the coral insects, and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment. 'We!' they exclaimed; 'we are not bigger than pin heads; we never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful!' 'If the whales would try, now! a whale's work would amount to something,' said the Astrea.

'But the whales have their own work to do,' said the Master Builder; 'and if they come down here to make the islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from seaweeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many there are of you.'

'But we do not know how to shape the islands; they will all be wrong,' cried the Madrepora.

'I will take care of that,' said the Master; 'only see that each one builds one little cell.'

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle, and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came to the top of the water. Then the waves and winds did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired of bobbing up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep for a few days. When they felt rested they got up and grew into thorn trees and bushes and cocoa trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were named the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

'Who would have believed we could do it!' said the little corals when they saw the result. 'The whales could not have done it better. And to think it was all done by our making one cell apiece!' They felt so proud of their islands that the put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge, and to-day thousands of people are enjoying the work of the little coral builders.

—'Mission Dayspring.'

A CORAL ISLAND.

His Mother's Picture.

(B. V. Chisholm, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

Harold glanced at it indifferently, read a postal card from home, and then taking up what he knew to be a 'dun' from his dentist, tore it into strips—unopened—and flung the bits into the waste basket. 'Such rubbish!' he muttered, sending the bulky letter postmarked 'St. Louis,' after the dentist's statement. 'Nothing but bills and fraudulent pamphlets that ought by rights to be excluded from the mails,' he added irritably. 'This is the third time that Cooper has inflicted the same bill on me, and I know its contents by heart. The other, doubtless, is some fake advertisement,' he added, taking it mechanically from the basket, and tearing it open. Instantly his indifference vanished, and with a prolonged whistle he settled himself to unravel its meaning. Inside of the printed circular was a typewritten letter notifying him that the ticket 'No. 9999,' drawn by him at the Exposition raffle, registered July 4, of the preceding year, had won the $500 cash prize, and that the amount would be forwarded to his address upon the receipt of the ticket for identification.

For a moment Harold was puzzled, then like a flash he recalled a scene at the St. Louis fair, in which a trio of young fellows, thinking themselves among strangers, dropped their quarters into the machine grinding out tickets of fortune. Being the only one of the three who drew a red ticket, he alone was required to register, the white ones being blanks. He remembered yet the shame he felt at seeing his name among those of

the motley crowd that filled the pages of a big, unwieldly book, and the laughing assurance of his companions that he would never hear of it again. But the one chance in a hundred had come to him, after so many months that he had forgotten all about the annoyance felt at the time.

'I hope the other fellows have forgotten the circumstance, too,' he told himself, thinking of all the comforts and conveniences that amount of money would provide for him and the dear ones in the little country home.

He was well aware that he had not come into this money legally, that it was against the laws of the country either to operate or patronize swindling concerns that took from the many to enrich the few; the purpose being to fill the coffers of the men who operated the machine. Still the temptation to have as much money as he needed once in his life was great, and he tried to bribe his conscience to keep silent by an assurance that in his hand the money would be put to a much better use than the swindlers would make of it.

'It certainly paid me to attend the St. Louis exposition,' he told himself, cheerily, in his enthusiasm, forgetting the unfair means by which his good luck had come.

Looking around the little cramped room, with its dingy walls, he caught a glimpse of the sweet face of his mother, looking down with tender, pitying eyes upon him. Shrinking from the reproving gaze that held him spell-bound, he forgot that it was only a picture, and pleaded wistfully, 'It was only a mere chance that won me all this luck, good or bad, mother, dear, and if it is your wish, I'll never take such a risk again.'

If he had expected the explanation to turn the eyes from him, he was disappointed, and after waiting a little time he got up and moved his chair to the other side of the room out of range of the picture on the wall. But the eyes seemed to follow him, and though farther away, the pleading expression was intensified rather than weakened.

Turning away from the accusing eyes, Harold said, irritably, 'I have as good a right to this money as any one else; better, in fact, than those in charge, since I paid the price demanded for a draw, and took the risk. Don't you understand that, mother?' he asked, standing erect before the picture with his eyes on a level with those looking out from the little old-fashioned gilt frame. 'Just think of the relief you will experience when that dreadful mortgage is lifted,' he urged, as if arguing with his mother instead of her inanimate likeness. For a moment he imagined that the dark, tender eyes softened, but when he looked again they seemed to have grown sterner than ever. 'I am ashamed of myself to-night,' he said, with an effort to throw off the spell that seemed to bind him. 'It would be bad enough for a girl to give way to her imagination, but for a great, strong six-footer to play the coward and actually tremble in the presence of his mother's picture, is unpardonable. Even mother would laugh at my superstition were she here to see me now. It's that hot office that has worked me up to this nervous pitch, but with all this money at my command I can now afford to take a much needed rest.'

With the question settled as he wished it to remain, he dipped his pen in the ink to fill the voucher blanks, determined to mail the letter at once.

'I'll not venture a glance at the picture until the letter is safe in the mailbox,' he said, under his breath, as if afraid his words would reach the ears of the listening picture. He meant what he said, too, and for a few moments kept his eyes on the letter he was writing. Then, with a quick, nervous movement he lifted his head, as if drawn by some invisible power, he raised his eyes, meeting those of the picture gazing pityingly down upon him. Instinctively his fingers closed over the written page, as if to hide it—an agreement with dishonor—from those pure mother eyes. The next instant the compact with the swindler was ablaze in the open grate and with a fascination in which defeat and victory struggled for the triumph Harold watched the fiery page puff up into a pale flame and then slowly die out, leaving nothing but a tiny heap of gray ashes to tell of the luck that had failed.

'You have won out, little mother, he said softly, looking up into the lovely eyes beaming so tenderly upon him.

'There is no friend like a mother, no love like hers, pure, unselfish, Christlike,' he added, his thoughts with the dear mother, who at this very hour was wont to kneel at the throne of grace, bearing in her arms of faith her dear ones, her sons and daughters, 'Lest they forget,' and wander far from home and God. 'She is praying for me at this moment, I am sure, I feel her here, holding me back from sin as with an angel's hand. It must have been of mothers the psalmist in the long ago wrote,' and he repeated softly, 'For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot gainst a stone.'

—Selected.

Don't Fear to Question.

The girl who is superior to the interrogation point courts disaster. If she is ashamed to ask questions she will get in trouble.

If she tries to appear that she is not ignorant she is very apt to walk into a trap.

So if people talk about books or plays or characters in history with which you are not familiar, don't appear knowing. It is nothing to be ashamed of that you are not familiar with everything.

You may be able to talk to them of people and things of which they do not know. It is not only foolish to appear to know everything but it is also unwise. There are people who are not above setting a trap for the unwary and then laughing at the victim.

More girls are afraid to ask questions from shyness rather than any design to appear cleverer than they are. They are afraid of being laughed at. But the wise thing is to put as many questions as you want when people are talking about things of which you know nothing.

If you have ever talked to a really clever and well-informed man or woman you will be surprised to see how many questions he or she asks you. This type of person gets well informed from finding out what every one else knows.

In this way the mind is stocked with information. It is the most cultured person who always frankly says she has not read this book or does not remember that poem or forgets the name of some great author. You see, she is not afraid of letting any one think she is ignorant, for she knows she is not, and they know it.

If you will appear, therefore, to be well informed, ask questions. After a few years of this you will be informed. People are always glad to tell you what they think you don't know, and even the most learned are flattered by being asked the details of some subject to which they have referred.

Carry this out in everyday life. Don't confine it to literature, history, and art. Don't be afraid of seeming ignorant. If you are you will remain ignorant.—The 'Times.'

Loveliness.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose;
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went.
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beauteous thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or Poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth—
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

—'Herald and Presbyter.'

To Be an Agreeable Guest.

The young girl who is going away to make a visit of a few days or a few weeks at this season should bear in mind several rules that would serve to make her an agreeable guest. Last summer a lady who is an extremely careful housekeeper, and whose manners have a flavor of old-world courtesy, gave a house-party that included a number of friends of her daughter, who was a junior at college. The girls, who arrived one afternoon by train, were well dressed, well bred and well educated. Each had behind her the traditions of good birth and careful training, but there was a wide difference in the way they acquitted themselves in the role of guests. One girl, for example, was always late to meals. It happened that the man of the house especially disliked a lack of punctuality at the table, and he was correspondingly annoyed when Estelle floated in morning after morning in a bewitching toilet, when breakfast was nearly finished. Louise, to whom had been given a dainty room, furnished in green and white, was so untidy and took so little care of bureau covers, spreads and curtains that her hostess was horrified. She wondered that a daughter of hers should entertain friendship with so heedless a young woman, and she was further disturbed when she found this girl's belongings lying about promiscuously in the drawing-room, the hall and the porch, with not a thought of order or fitness.

Another girl who fancied herself a brilliant conversationalist had an unfortunate habit of seizing the word on all occasions and of monopolizing the talk so that no one else had a chance to be heard.

Far more than we think we reveal ourselves unconsciously, by looks, speech and deportment, when we are away from home. Whoever would be an agreeable guest must as soon as possible find out and conform to the ordinary ways of the household into whose privacy she is admitted. If there is an opportunity to save her hostess trouble, she must not overlook it, yet there are guests whose determination to be helpful verges on the officious and intrusive. It is as well to remain in one's room in the morning until breakfast is ready, or if one goes for an early walk or finds a seat on a porch, let one stay away from the living room and other parts of the house that are not yet in order for the day.

A certain young woman who violated this rule and established herself at ease in an upper hallway in a window seat commanding a beautiful view, was intensely mortified when by accident she discovered that she had prevented several members of the family from taking their morning plunge in the bath-room in their usual comfort.

Never visit a kitchen unasked, and never venture into any part of the house in which you have no concern. Arrive at the time you are expected and take your leave on the day and at the hour when it was understood that your visit would terminate. If there are old people or children in the family where you are a visitor, be at pains to give them some portion of your attention. Try not to monopolize grandmother's chair and do not show yourself bored by the baby. If you are musical and are asked to play the piano, do not wait to be urged.—The 'Christian Herald.'

Where Success is Taught.

Most men are eager to learn the secret of a great man's achievements. Newspaper reporters and magazine writers interview the day's celebrity, that readers may be informed what new formula for success he is able to give. A busy editor and author who does the work of two or three men, when asked how he accomplishes so much, said: 'I do not worry, and I never lose a minute.' One who heard the simple words thought that here, at last, was the new formula for which men have been seeking. But as he reflected he realized that there was, after all, nothing new in it. The message was spoken, some nineteen hundred years ago, by two humble disciples of Christ who urged their followers that, 'casting all their care on Him,' they should be 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' There is no new formula for success. The 'success-secrets' were every one stated for all time by the men to whom God gave his message to the world. And that man who patterns his life according to God's teachings in his Word is most certain of achieving real success.—'S. S. Times.'

Much Talk—Little Training.

'He is always so positive!'

'And always so inaccurate,' added the other.

The young man in question had glibly aired his supposed knowledge on the subject of cabinet-making, and by any other man than the kindly old expert would have been openly 'set in his place.'

There is a certain crude and unlettered type of mind that cannot rest content with seeming to know about as much as, or even a little less than, other folks, but must from sheer personal vanity and brag try to appear to know more.

Real intelligence does not so 'behave itself unseemly.' It 'endureth all things,' even the crudeness of the ignorant, it 'believeth all things,' in the sense that it gives credit, or at least courtesy, to the thoughts of others, and it speaks with a modest voice, when it seems best and wise to speak. Deep and genuine learning is joined almost always to that charity that 'is not puffed up' and 'vaunteth not itself.'—'Christian Age.'

Learning to Swim.

From the reception hall came the sound of merry voices. Out in the sitting-room Aunt Janet moved impatiently. Her silks rustled stiffly.

'Really, Mary, I wish Agnes had more independence. That Redmond girl treated her shamefully only last week, and yet there is Agnes talking as sweetly as if nothing had happened. I never should stand it.'

Mrs. Holmes looked up at the hard, bitter lines in her sister's face, listened again to the sweet voice of her daughter as its gentle tones came drifting in to them, and replied:

'I do not think Agnes lacks spirit. You know how she used to resent a slight. But lately—'

The hall door closed. There came a breath of the outside wintry air, and a young girl dropped on a stool at her aunt's feet.

'Agnes,' began her aunt, severely, 'how can you treat that girl as a friend? She has been saying the meanest things about you. Mrs. Brown told me—'

'Stop, aunty, I am learning to swim.' Turning from her aunt's astonished gaze, she looked straight into her mother's face—into the eyes so sure to understand.

'You remember, mamma, at the seashore last summer, what a time I had learning to swim. My head would go down, and I came up sputtering, with such a dreadful taste in my mouth. My teacher said, "Keep your head up and your mouth closed, and you will be all right."

'So, auntie, if I listen to all the gossip afloat, I am sure to go down with it and come up sputtering. It makes me feel badly all over. But if I keep my ears and mouth closed and my head up I have a lovely time riding the breakers. It is so much more fun than to be sputtering all the time.'

'Humph!' said her aunt; but her silks actually rustled a little more softly.—'Youth's Companion.'

To a Young Girl.

(Mary Burt Messer, in the 'Century.')

Dear, you are grave and silent as you look
Up from the quiet pages of your book.
Put by your care.
Bright is the sunlight falling on your hair.
Has some old legend told its ancient woe?
Nay, it was lives ago.
Grieve not, but let your gladness lightly run
In happy ripples, glancing in the sun.
If you but knew!
I see the morning of the world in you.
I see life upward springing,
Light round you clinging,
And in your eyes the dew.
And if into our fair companionship
Out of the pages of the tale should slip
Some hint of sadness—put the story by!
Lo, let them pass, world-weary queens and kings.
Rise, rise rejoicing, like the lark that sings,
Cleaving the misty sky.

The Graceful Girl.

Have you ever noticed the great amount of admiring attention which the graceful girl attracts? asks a writer in an American weekly. Even although she may be only plain or moderately good-looking, and not prettily or smartly dressed, there is an air of natural superiority about her which forces her upon our notice. This superiority lies in the fact that the graceful girl knows how to poise her body correctly, how to walk and sit becomingly; consequently, no matter what she wears or what her features may be like, she always appears to the best advantage.

A plain girl who knows how to stand, move, and sit with ease is far more admired than the beauty who is clumsy and awkward. Some girls are naturally graceful. But there is no reason why those who are lacking in this respect should not add to their charms by carefully cultivating the art. An erect carriage, a graceful walk, a graceful manner of sitting and rising are necessary if a girl wishes to be really charming.

And it is quite within her own power to acquire these virtues. In the first place, she must study her own defects and the faults of other girls, in order that she may avoid them. Do not try to copy the graceful girl off-hand, so to speak, by forcing yourself into what, to you, would be unnatural poses and attitudes. That is not the way to cultivate gracefulness. In fact, by doing so you will probably only make yourself more awkward and clumsy. By always trying to avoid the little faults which prevent a girl from becoming graceful, you will, as time goes by, find yourself drifting quite naturally into the ways and manners of the graceful girl.—Bristol 'Times.'

The Brier Made Beautiful.

A preacher used the following illustration: 'Once there was a brier growing in a ditch, and there came along a gardener with his spade. As he dug round it, and lifted it out, the brier said to itself, "What is he doing that for? Doesn't he know that I am only an old worthless brier?" But the gardener took it into his garden and planted it amid his flowers, while the brier said, "What a mistake he has made planting an old brier like myself among such rose-trees as these!" But the gardener came once more with his keen-edged knife, made a slit in the brier, and "budded" it with a rose; and by-and-by, when summer came, lovely roses were blooming on that old brier. Then the gardener said, "Your beauty is not due to that which came out, but to that which I put into you."'—'Sunday at Home.'

LITTLE FOLKS

'The Garden and the Butterfly.'

(Willow Wand, in the 'India Ladies' Magazine.')

'What a dull life you must lead in this secluded spot!' said the Butterfly to the flowers as she fluttered about a beautiful garden—one sunny morning. 'Tis a pity you cannot see something of the gay world as I do.'

'Why pity us?' said a little Daisy, looking up with her bright eye from the lawn. 'The dew and the sunshine refresh and enliven us and the storm has no power to hurt the flowers of this sheltered garden.'

'You are only a little flower, so little pleasures content you' replied the Butterfly, 'but do you not find it irksome,' said she to the Wall-Flower, 'not to have freedom to climb alone?' 'By no means,' answered the Wall-Flower. 'Once indeed I fretted against these supports, but time has taught me that they were placed here to strengthen me and, I knew that without them I could not have thriven so well.'

'That may suit a prosy, matter-of-fact temperament,' retorted the Butterfly. 'You at least must have more romance in your disposition,' she continued, 'alighting delicately on a lovely standard Rose. Just now I happened to fly past a group of your companions in a large open space of ground; crowds of people had assembled to admire their beauty, which could never have been seen to the same advantage in this out-of-the-way garden.'

Now the Rose had listened well pleased to the Butterfly's implied compliment to her charms and she began to grow discontented with her quiet surroundings. 'It is not surprising,' she murmured, 'that the staid old Wall-Flower and that insignificant young Daisy are satisfied with their lot. They are quite unsuited by nature for brilliant scenes. But why was beauty bestowed on me to be seen and admired only by the few in this humdrum way.' What then was the delight of the Rose when the Gardener came by, and stopping to look around on the flowers exclaimed. 'That standard Rose is a beauty. She would win a prize at the Flower Show to-day.' So saying he carried her away.

'Good-bye flowers. Good-bye! I have got my wish at last,' cried the Rose joyously. 'You will repent it,' said the Wall-Flower sternly. Truly it was a day of proud triumph for the Rose. Many another fair Rose was there but she was declared the fairest of them all. Towards evening, the sky, which had been cloudless all day, grew overcast, the wind began to rise and the heavy drops to fall. Amid general expressions of regret at the sudden gloomy change in the weather, the bright gathering dispersed rapidly. No one took any more thought of the poor Rose left to face the pitiless storm that night.

Before morning the clouds broke a little and the welcome sun beams flew down with words of pity and comfort to the bruised and drooping flower. With renewed hope the Rose heard the gardener's step approaching.

'How miserable the Roses look this morning,' said the gardener sadly, 'and they were so blooming before that unlucky storm. Well, well. I must see what care will do for my Prize Standard. May I if I carry her back to her old spot in the garden the poor thing will revive.'

Ah! how thankful was the weary Rose to be in her peaceful Home once more, with the familiar faces of the other garden-flowers around her.

Again the Butterfly flew past. 'Dear me! Rose! Is that you?' cried she. 'Really I scarcely recognized you. You are so changed and faded.'

'Alas!' sighed the Rose, 'why did I ever give heed to your flattering words! See to what my foolish vanity has brought me! all my grace and freshness gone for ever.' 'Nay, not so,' broke in the Daisy with her cheery voice, 'the storm has indeed crushed you, but only for a while. Lift up your tired head and let the gentle breeze dry your tears and the glorious sunshine gladden your heart, and soon in the healthful life of this quiet garden you shall sweetly bloom again.'

Sand Strongholds.

—'S.S. Messenger.'

Castles in the sand,
Reaching toward the sky!
Towers and turrets grand,
Twenty inches high,
Moats and keeps and frowning ports;
Never were there stouter forts.

Castles in the sand,
All astir with life.
Each devoted band
Ready for the strife.
Though the sea its legions calls,
Safe are we behind these walls!

—Washington 'Herald.'

The Old Doll.

At her mother's request, Marjorie put her new doll into the carriage and went outdoors.

'Now, take your new dolly to ride,' her mother had said, but Marjorie got no farther than the summerhouse, a few yards away. She sat down on the lowest step, drew the doll carriage up close, and looked the new doll squarely in the face.

'No name!' she said in a low voice, 'no name, but I can't give you Mary Jane's; for even if she is too shabby to sit by your side, she shall still be one of my children. You are beautiful—you are! But so was Mary Jane once.'

Marjorie started up with a determined air, and went near the house. Through the open window came the sound of her mother's voice: 'Now, Esther, I'm going to put this old doll into the ragbag. That child shall not drag about such a looking thing any longer. If you say nothing about it, she'll never ask for it, for I know she is delighted with her new doll.'

Marjorie stood still outside the window. 'O, dear, I wish I could stop crying,' she sobbed; 'I must run off so mamma won't see me, and know that I heard. But I'll find Mary Jane—I will! And I'll hide her where no one can find her; but near enough so I can have her when I'm lonesome.'

Marjorie soon found an opportunity to search the ragbag. She hauled out the sorry looking Mary Jane, and secretly resolved to hide her under the bedclothes. 'Away down at the foot of the bed,' thought Marjorie.

Bedtime came. Mamma, smiling at the thought of her easy dismissal of Mary Jane, gave Marjorie her new doll, and kissed her good night.

Marjorie could not go to sleep at just that minute. Mary Jane was smothering at the bottom of the bed.

'I'll take her out for just two or three minutes, and put her right back again, so mamma won't see her in the morning.' But in the morning mamma saw the shabby doll clasped in the chubby little hands, and the new doll lying on the floor, and she knew the old love had come back to stay.—'Kindergarten Review.'

Trouble in the Tree.

'Little Bird, Mother Bird, why in such a flurry?'
'We must move, Father Bird—move right in a hurry!'
'Mother Bird, Mother Bird, what can be the matter?
'Are not all our children daily growing fatter?
Has a cat discovered us? Tell me, now, pray do!
'Did you hear Miss Betty cry? Wouldn't tie her shoe!
Said: "I won't! I won't!' Oh, Father Father, Father Bird,
I cannot have my children learn such a dreadful word!
Yesterday my little ones heard Miss Betty cry!
Spoke about the "funny noise"—They'll be sure to try!
'All my darling birds say "I won't" and cry!
Truly 'tis enough to set my feathers all awry!'
'Tut, my little Mother Bird, teach them how to sing!
They'll find it sweeter far, my dear, to make the bird-notes ring.
Foolish little Mother Bird. Now, who ever heard
'Any little singing bird say a naughty word?' —'Children's Magazine.'

A Child's Wish.

If I were a bird, I'd fly away
Where smoke and cinders never stay,
Where all the fields are fresh and fair,
And clover scent is in the air;
Where robins twitter night and morn,
And swallows flutter through the corn,
And round the honeysuckle thatch,
The rainbow's low enough to catch.

If I were a bird, I'd float and fly
Until my grandma's house I'd spy;
I'd run along the garden walks,
And gather phlox and four-o'clocks;
And sit beneath the cherry trees,
Where comes the cooling summer breeze,
And eat my luncheon in the shade,
With lots of lovely lemonade.

If I were a bird, I'd sing and soar
Until I stood at heaven's door,
And ask the angels to look down
On all the boys and girls in town;
And take them from the dust and din,
To where the sun peeps kindly in,
Through leafy aisles and bowers gay,
And love holds happy holiday.
—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

'Marnie's Pennies'—A True Story.

(By the Rev. Wilson H. Geller, Central China, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald.')

Marnie was only four, but she knew quite a lot about the little Chinese boys and girls who wore pigtails, and said their lessons with their backs turned towards their teacher, and talked such a strange language that scarcely anyone in England would understand what they were talking about. Her cousin Muriel lived in China, and letters often came telling about some of the strange doings of the Chinese children; and Marnie's heart was very sad when she heard that lots of them didn't know about dear Jesus, but were taught to pray to idols made of paper or wood. But the sadness gave place to gladness when her mother got a money-box and said she might put her pennies and threepenny pieces in it until there was enough to buy some Bibles to send to the Chinese mothers and fathers so that they might learn about Jesus and teach their children about Him too.

When Marnie had saved quite a lot of pennies her uncle and aunt came to England to try and get some more help, and some more money, and more people to pray for the work that they were doing. One day they went to stay with Marnie's father and mother, and it was then that the money box was opened and the pennies counted. There were forty-four! Three shillings and eightpence! What a lot it seemed! Marnie gave it to her uncle, and never once thought of the quantity of chocolate those pennies might have bought: indeed, her little heart was just swelling with joy to think that she was really sending some Bibles for the Chinese, and that soon all the little boys and girls in that far-away country would know about Jesus.

Marnie's uncle took the money back to China and bought some Bibles and Testaments and Gospels with it, and gave them to one of his colporteurs. (A colporteur is a Christian who goes about selling tracts and Bibles.) The colporteur had been a heathen priest himself once, and lived in a temple for many years; but he became a Christian and was baptized about five years ago, and since then he has been very zealous in trying to get other people to know about the Gospel and forsake their idols.

A young farmer named Hsi (pronounced Shee) bought one of the Bibles. He heard the colporteur preaching, and stood a long time listening, feeling in his heart that what he heard was really true. He resolved to never again be so stupid as to pray before a wooden idol, or burn paper money, or do any similarly silly things. (The heathens burn paper money, which they suppose or pretend becomes real money in the spirit-world as soon as it is burnt!)

Now, it happened that farmer Hsi's aged father had that very morning told him to buy some paper money ready for the morrow, which was a sacred day; but after hearing the preaching he thought he knew better than to waste money on such nonsense, so bought some pears for his father instead.

Arriving home, his father at once asked him for the paper cash. He replied, 'To-day I heard a man talking about the gods, and such things, and I have also been reading a book which I bought from him. We want to save our souls: paper money is no use for that, it is vain and empty. I have bought you these pears instead—they are real, they are nice eating, they are satisfying; paper money is of no use!'

The father, finding his son had failed to carry out his orders, was very angry; so the son, offering his carrying-pole, said, 'Father, I am sorry, but I couldn't buy that paper money; if you think I have done wrong, chastise me.'

His father did beat him, till he cried, and then the father, too, wept, feeling that here indeed was a new thing. And there we must leave them, because the sequel is not yet. Will you not pray that they may daily read Marnie's Bible, and that they may be led to understand it, and find salvation through it?

Marnie's pennies are evidently doing a great deal towards the Christianising of China if that is a specimen of what happens. Is it not so?

Baby's Fingers.

(Emilie Poulsson, in the 'S. S. Messenger.')

Thumbkin says, 'I'm stout and strong;'
Pointer says, 'I'm nimble;'
Tall-man says, 'I'm very long,
I shall wear a thimble;'
Feeble-man says, 'I come next,
With a ring on, maybe;'
Little-man says, 'I'm so small,
I'm the finger baby.'

Curious Brushes.

Willie, flushed and happy, had just come in from the barn where he had been playing hide and seek.

'I guess my little boy needs to find a brush,' said mother, looking up from her work. For there were clinging to his pretty sailor suit bits of dry grass and seeds from the mows, and some were playing peekaboo in the little fellow's hair.

'O mother, can't I wait? I'm just too tired now.'

'If flies had been playing hide and seek they would not allow a speck of dust to stay on their heads; they'd brush it off,' casually remarked Aunt Nan.

'Flies?' exclaimed Willie, incredulously. 'Where'd they get their brushes, I'd like to know?'

'Oh, they have them, and use them,' laughed Aunt Nan.

'Hair brushes?' questioned Willie, and his face took on a perplexed look.

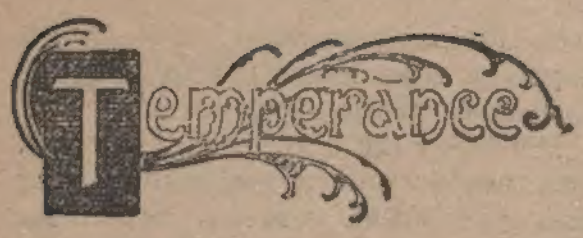
'Yes; and they always keep themselves very clean. Have you never seen a fly rub his delicate front legs over his head?'

'Lots and lots of times,' replied Willie quickly.

'Well,' resumed Aunt Nan, 'there are a great many hairs on the underside of a fly's feet and legs, and these form tiny hair brushes. When any dust gets on a fly's head, he brushes it off at once, and then he rubs his legs together, as you have probably noticed. This is so that no dust may cling to the little brushes.'

'Hurrah, Mr. Fly!' exclaimed Willie; 'I guess you needn't think you're the only one who can use a brush, even if the other fellow doesn't carry his brushes around with him on his feet!'

Away he ran; and when he came back mother said her little boy looked neat enough to be kissed.—'Christian Advocate.'



Who Carries on the Business?

(Alfred J. Hough.)

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or in air to-day; for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousands slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell?
If the devil is not and never was, won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows his tares in the fields of time, wherever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and, of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work that the devil alone should do?

We are told that he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in Church, in State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day sprang up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know, who carries the business on?

—Selected.

The Right Way.

'If I only knew what to do,' said the young man. 'I am entirely willing to do either, but I do not know whether to stay or to go.'

The older man to whom the perplexed youth was confiding his troubles, asked, 'Have you prayed?'

'Yes. If only some voice or some circumstance would make plain my duty. I am not rebellious. There are reasons, apparently good reasons, for both courses.'

'I have often been in the same state of mind,' replied the older man. 'I have prayed earnestly and unselfishly and have longed for some audible voice to direct me or for a hindering circumstance to block one way or the other, but none came. I have, in the spirit of prayer, made a choice and gone forward, and after many such experiences I have never regretted the choice made. I believe it is God's way of answering prayer in many cases.'

Life has many perplexing problems. Various voices call and sometimes apparently conflicting duties appeal to us, but the next step is always the path of duty.—The 'Watchword.'

Gold Mines Exchanged for a Bottle of Whisky.

Some of the richest gold mines in America are in the neighborhood of Cripple Creek, Colorado, from which it is estimated that gold has been taken worth over £30,000,000. Nearly the whole of the land in which the best-paying mines are situated was once owned by a man named Bob Womack, who is now sixty years of age, poverty-stricken, and lying waiting for death in a charitable institution at Colorado.

From a child Bob literally took no thought for to-morrow, but developed early in life a recklessness and a liking for drink that ultimately caused his ruin. He had a notion that gold was to be found on his farm, but was not believed. Before long practically all his farm was mortgaged and had passed out of his hands.

At last only one hill was left, which he was certain contained gold, and he declared he would stick to it under all circumstances. But driven crazy by the thirst for whisky, and being without money, he went to a saloon and begged for a drink. It was refused him and the half-insane man staggered from saloon to saloon pleading for whisky.

Finally, he found a man who said he would sell him whisky for Womack's Hill. An exchange was made, the land passing from the owner to the saloon-keeper for a bottle of whisky. The hill obtained for a bottle of whisky was soon known all over the world, and on its banks was built a city called Cripple Creek. Strong drink is indeed a mocker.—'Temperance Leader.'

Modern Science on Alcohol.

May I tell your readers what modern medical authority teaches concerning the pernicious effect of the various preparations of alcohol and other inebriating drugs on the human race? The 'Twentieth Century Practice of Medicine' says under 'Alcoholism and Drug Habits':

There is no form of poisoning which is so widespread and so rapidly increasing at the present time, as the series of toxic phenomena exhibited in the persons of those addicted to the excessive use of the various preparations of alcohol, opium, morphine, chloral, chloroform, ether, cocaine, and allied inebriating substances.

There is no other kind of poisoning which so degrades brain structure and disturbs mental function, while physically degenerating bodily texture and undermining vital organs, or which is so far-reaching in its operation, transmitting as it does through two generations a great variety of brain abnormalities, mental defects and moral obliquities originally induced in the ancestral stock by the toxicating action of the poison on brain and nerve tissue.

The more generally employed among such articles, narcotics and anaesthetics, by their characteristic influence, have the property of setting up and thus practically originating a desire for a fresh dose (drink), and at the same time of so disturbing brain-function as to induce moral perversion.

Such substances are Alcohol (in the form of beer, wine, brandy and whisky), opium, morphine, cocaine, chloroform and the like, the first-named, Alcohol, being a prolific inciter to breaches of human and divine law, ranging from minor offenses to the gravest misdemeanors and crimes.

Till about a century ago, there was a general belief that drunkenness was a purely voluntary condition; that men and women could get drunk or refrain from getting drunk as they chose, and that intoxication was a pastime willingly and wilfully indulged in; nor is this erroneous belief even now wholly dead. The many who formerly held and the comparatively few who still cherish this opinion looked upon the whole matter of drunkenness as a mere immorality, vice, or crime; punishment in a jail, confinement in the 'stocks,' pulpit denunciation, ecclesiastical excommunication, or the administration of a good whipping being in their view the proper mode of dealing with such wanton and depraved outcasts. Medical science has, therefore, set itself to investigate thoroughly the nature and properties of intoxicant action on body and brain, and the various morbid conditions which operate to render a substantial proportion of human beings an easy prey to some form of that enslavement, by excessive indulgence in intoxicants, which is the most complete possession and tyranny endured by man.

This extract from the writings of a world-renowned specialist in the treatment of beer, wine and whisky inebriates is surely enough to arouse every man, who desires the elevation of society, to war an everlasting warfare against the soul-and-body-destroying rum business.—The 'Christian World.'

—THE—

"Canadian Pictorial"

—FOR—

SEPTEMBER.

Pictures of the waning summer season are the feature of the September 'Canadian Pictorial.' The cover-picture shows a Canadian girl on vacation. She is silhouetted at the end of the wharf looking across the lake for the boat that is to carry her to her journey's end. Then there are scenes of children paddling, and bigger children bathing; children roaming hand-in-hand through the fields; pastoral scenes of sheep and ducks and deep, cool ponds, and stalwart farmers reaping the harvest of golden grain. The eminent Canadian of the month is Sir Percy Girouard, who has served the cause of empire by building railways that conveyed British troops to the uttermost parts of the earth. A page is devoted to showing the disaster caused by the terrible fire at Fernie, B.C., and other news-pictures include the scenes in Turkey when the Sultan gave his subjects a constitution, the Canadian lawn tennis championship, and a jubilee celebration at Renfrew, Ont. In the Woman's Department the feature is the story of an early Canadian heroine, Laura Secord. The regular departments are represented by pictures and matter which help the publishers in their aim that each issue shall be a little better than any of its predecessors. Ten cents a copy.

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What men want is not talent—it is purpose; not the power to achieve—but the will to labor.—Bulwer.

The Bible on Temperance.

If you want to make in the meeting a strong exhibit of the stand the Bible takes on this great theme, ask a select number to commit to memory the following passages, one apiece. Call for them at the opening of the meeting, possibly in lieu of the Bible-reading:

They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.—Isa. xxviii., 7.

And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.—Luke xxi., 34.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. xx., 1.

It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.—Prov. xxxi., 4 5.

Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. xxiii., 20, 21 f. c.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.—Heb. ii. 15.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii., 31, 32.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till the wine consume them. . . . They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.—Isa. v., 11, 12.

Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—I. Cor. ix., 25.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. xiv., 21.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.—Gal. v., 22, 23 f. c.

Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. v., 18.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.—Dan. i., 8.

..HOUSEHOLD..

The Hanging of Pictures.

In hanging pictures the guiding principle as to height is the level of the eye, but combined with that are equally important considerations of size, shape and color, in relation both to wall spaces and to each other. The inclination seems to be to hang pictures too high, giving an impression of being skied.

Too high, too far apart, poorly balanced and forming steps or gables are pitfalls to be avoided. When one's pictures are large and can be hung one in a space, with a thought only for the proper height and lighting, the problem is a comparatively simple one. The eye must rest directly upon it; it must not give the impression of weighing heavily upon the piece of furniture beneath, nor must it float off into space above. The shape must harmonize with the shape of the piece of furniture beneath, as well as with the space. That the dark places must be lighted up with the light pictures and the dark photographs hung in the high lights can easily be seen.—'Harper's Bazar.'

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 1475.—LADY'S MORNING DRESS.

'Sweet simplicity' is exemplified in this smart little gown that may be made from the cheapest lawn, pretty cotton and wool mixture, light weight woollen or foulard. The model is of a white and pink figured lawn at seven cents a yard. The edges of the front and trimming straps are piped with plain pink; a half yard will be ample. With the buttons the whole costume was completed at an expense of 75 cents. The flat lace collar was not included. A gown of this description is much trimmer looking than a kimono, very quickly adjusted and easily made. One-quarter inch tucks take out the fullness about the waist. These are caught with shaped straps. The sleeves are made with the fashionable close top and are loose and easy below the elbow. The skirt clears the floor and is untrimmed. The pattern, No. 1475, is made in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure, and 8 1-2 yards of 27-inch, 8 of 36, or 6 1-2 of 44-inch material will be required for a medium size.

Give name of pattern as well as number, or cut out illustration and send with TEN CENTS. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Shaking up Brains.

'I can't do this sum,' said Hal; 'I've tried and tried, and I can't get the answer.'

'How many times have you tried it?' asked his mother.

'Three times.'

'Well, you go out and ride your tricycle around the house ten times as fast as you can, and then come in and try three times more.'

Out dashed Hal, and soon came in again, his cheeks glowing.

'I tell you it's splendid out,' he said; 'the fresh air is so good, and I've thought of the way to do that sum, too.'

'Got the answer! Hurrah!' Hal shouted after a few minutes.

'I thought that your brains only needed a little shaking up,' said the mother, 'and I knew that a good ride on your tricycle would do it.'—'Child's Companion.'

'Must-be-done.'

The nervous tension under which so many women suffer might be lightened by systematically separating, every day, the things that must be done that day from the things that might wait over, and getting the must-be-dones out of the way, off one's mind, before they begin to press and crowd. It often happens, perversely enough, that the most important thing is also the smallest, and the housekeeper's temptation is to put it off till late in the day, and seize the earlier hours for some large piece of work. But the small thing that must be done—if it is no more than writing a note of regret or smoothing a child's guimpe or putting the finishing touches to a guest's room—is capable of causing as much distress, left too late and subjected to the unexpected hindrances that afternoon interruptions may bring, as something ten times its size. Promptness in disposing of it will relieve the pressure sensibly —The 'Congregationalist.'

Take Time to Consider.

A young mother who is given to punishing her children for disobedience more often in anger than kindness, was told the following incident by an older mother who chanced to be an unwilling witness when the young mother unduly punished her eight-year-old son for a slight act of disobedience. The older mother said:

'When my boy Fred was about twelve years old, he had an attack of measles in the summer which left him weak and fretful. One very hot and trying day, a friend called to ask Fred to go with him to the beach. The distance was short and the road shady, and, thinking the outing might do Fred good, I consented to his going, cautioning him, however, not to go in swimming as his friend intended doing. When the boys returned, one look at Fred made me ask: "Have you been in swimming?" He hung his head for a moment, then looked up and answered: "Yes, mother, I was so warm and the water was cold and I couldn't help going in."'

'Of course you punished him severely,' the young mother interposed.

The older mother smiled gently, 'I was tempted to do so in my momentary anger at having my authority ignored. But I held my temper in check and simply bade Fred go to his room, deciding that I would take up the matter with him when I felt calmer. I sent his supper to him, and, when I retired, stepped into his room and found him asleep. About the middle of the night, Fred called me, saying he felt ill. For two weeks he was very ill, indeed, and during this time, when I nursed him night and day, not a word was said about his disobedience. One day, when he was convalescent, he looked at me and said: "Mother, I've been wanting to tell you how good you are not to punish me for going swimming that day, and you're so kind and patient, for all the trouble I'm making you, and I'll never, as long as I live, disobey you again." He was a little fellow to make such a big promise. But he has kept it faithfully, and he is nearly twenty-four years old.' Then the older mother added earnestly: 'My dear, if you must punish, never do it in anger, and take time to well consider child-nature, before you punish in kindness.'—Selected.

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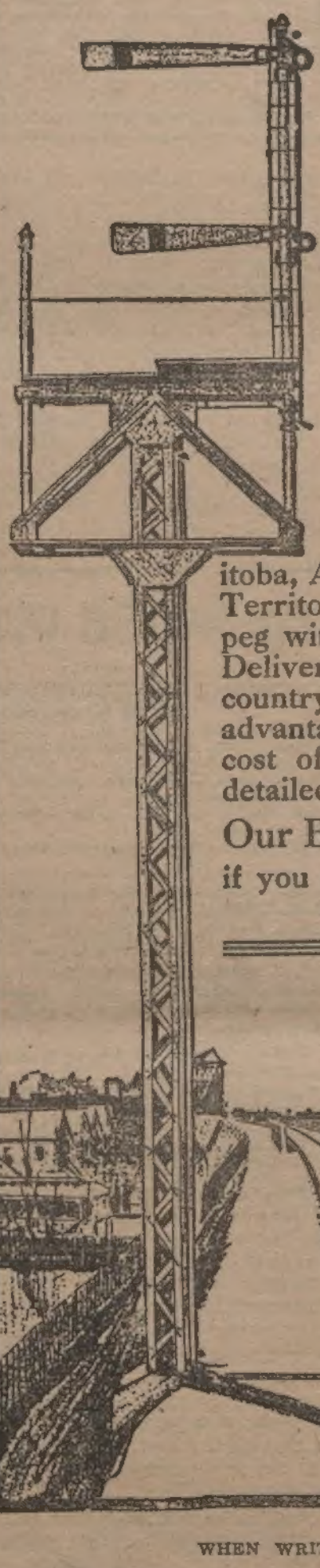

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Selected Recipes.

ALMOND AND CHICKEN SANDWICHES.—Chop the white meat of a chicken very fine, add half a pound of finely chopped almonds, two teaspoonfuls of salt, half a cup of thick cream and quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Mix together until a smooth paste is made. Spread on whole wheat bread.—N. Y. 'Herald.'

CHEESE STRAWS.—Mix with four ounces of sifted flour, two ounces of any dry, rich cheese, grated, one even teaspoonful of white pepper, one-half saltspoonful of salt, a liberal dust of cayenne. Add the juice of one lemon, yolks of two eggs and enough melted butter to form paste which can be rolled out to the thickness of an eighth of an inch. Cut in strips like straws, lay on floured tin and put in moderate oven until crisp.

ORANGE BLUFF.—Soak one-third of a box of gelatine in one-third of a cup of water. After it is dissolved double the quantity with boiling water, then add a cup of granulated sugar, the juice of one lemon and one orange and the whites of four eggs beaten thoroughly, and one cup of orange picked fine. Stir all together, and cool till nearly ready to jelly; then pour into a mold where sections of orange in fancy designs have been arranged. This makes a delicious dessert.

SWEET-POTATO CROQUETTES.—Two cups of cold, boiled, mashed sweet potatoes, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, a quarter of a cup of cream or rich milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat all together until light and smooth. Shape into balls, dip in beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs. Fry in enough boiling fat to cover. Drain when a light brown. Serve hot.

CREAM TAFFY.—This recipe is an excellent one. Three cups granulated sugar, one-half cup rather weak vinegar, one-half cup water, one tablespoon pure glycerin. Boil without stirring until it hardens when dropped in ice water. Just as you take from the fire, sprinkle a teaspoon of soda over the top, pour out at once, and when in the pan drop flavoring over the top. When cool enough to handle, pull until white and creamy, then pull out and cut into pieces with a pair of scissors.

BUTTER SCOTCH.—One cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, one-half cup butter, pinch of soda. Boil all together till done, pour into buttered pan; when partly cool, mark off into squares, and when cold break in the marked places and wrap in wax or grocery paper.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE.—Boil together one cupful of cream, three-fourths cupful each of grated chocolate and brown sugar, and one cupful granulated sugar; boil twenty minutes, stir well, add teaspoonful vanilla and serve cold.

COFFEE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of molasses and one-half cup of cold coffee. Two cups of flour and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the coffee. One teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and mace and one cup of raisins (stoned).